A

VINDICATION

OF

An ESSAY concerning Critical and Curious Learning:

In which are contained

Some Short Reflections on the Controverſie betwixt

Sir *WILLIAM TEMPLE*

AND

Mr. *WOTTON*;

And that betwixt

Dr. *BENTLEY*

AND

Mr. *BOYL.*

In Anſwer to an *Oxford* Pamphlet.

By the Author of that Eſſay.

——— *Pudet hæc opprobria* Vobis,
Et dici potuiſſe, & non potuiſſe refelli.

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A VINDICATION OF An ESSAY concerning Critical and Curious Learning, &c.

IN

Anſwer to an *Oxford* Pamphlet.

SIR,

I Little thought there would have been any Need of Defending the ſhort *Eſſay concerning Critical and Curious Learning*, &c. which I ately Writ and Printed, you know, purely in Complyance to your De-

ſires. But I did not conſider how tenderly ſome People are affected with any thing that looks like a Reproof. It was no ſooner publiſhed, but out comes an acute *Anſwer* from *Oxon*, and pronounces it a down-right Ignorant and impudent Libel, and the Author of it an Atheiſtical *Town-Wit*. Whether this dreadful Charge is made out or not, ſhall be my preſent Inquiry; and becauſe I am not much in love with the Lampooner's Method of Railing in general, and taſking at random, I will beg your Patience while I take every particular Paragraph into a diſtinct, but ſhort, Examination. Not that I think there is any thing in this Trivial Paper worth the trouble; for on the other Hand, *Pudet recitare, & nugis addere pondus.* But the Author ſeems to be ſo full of himſelf, and writes with ſuch a Magiſterial Air, that ſome People (eſpecially thoſe that are byaſſed) may be apt to fancy he has Juſtice on his ſide, and that my Silence is a tacit acknowledgment of it. Beſides, I may poſſibly do him himſelf

himſelf no diſſervice, in ſhewing him how unfit a Champion he is to undertake the Defence of a Publick Cauſe. There is a vaſt difference betwixt the Qualifications, which may make a Man appear advantagiouſly enough in an Univerſity, and thoſe which will render him acceptable and Eminent in the World. But I do not, *Sir*, pretend to undervalue an Univerſity-Education; for I know, the moſt conſiderable Perſonages of our Nation have always been thoſe, who had their firſt Inſtitutions there. I would only urge, that a Man muſt have a more diffuſed and mixed Converſation than is to be met with in a College, before his Learning will ſit agreeably upon him, or he can hope to become a finiſh'd Scholar; ſuch a one I mean as this Gentleman takes himſelf to be.

I can Obſerve no Method in what I am about. You muſt take it as it comes, in the Confuſion he has delivered it. And therefore without any more Preliminary, I will begin to Tranſcribe. *Viz.*

Sir,

Sir, *I thank you for the Pamphlet you ſent me the other day; and becauſe you was pleaſed to make it the* Condition *of your* Gift, *that I ſhould return my Thoughts upon it: I have here ſent them by the firſt Poſt, and I believe much ſooner than you expected. You have them in the very Order they at firſt occurred to me, without any manner of Correction; for truly I did not think it worth my while to make any.*

This Introduction you ſee affords nothing Remarkable, but that our Friend is very good at Writing Letters; and may be depended upon by his Correſpondents for a ſpeedy Anſwer, let the Buſineſs they employ him about be never ſo Diſobliging to him, or Inſignificant in it ſelf; unleſs perhaps we are to underſtand by the particular Character of the Words *Condition* and *Gift*, that there is ſome pretty double *Entendre* couched in them. I ſuppoſe his Meaning (if he has any) muſt be to inform us (by way of Lawyer) that ſome Gifts are upon Condi-

Condition, and ſome not; and that where there is a Condition, that Condition muſt be performed before the Title to the Gift can be good. But let the Diſtinction lye where it will, I wiſh for my part he had not thought this ſmall Gift worth his Acceptance, upon the Barbarous Condition of perſecuting his Unknown, Humble Servant, as you ſhall hear he now and then does.

Firſt then, *It is obvious to remark, that the Author, whoever he is, has given his Eſſay a wrong Title. If he had had a Mind to deal honeſtly with his Reader, it ſhould have run thus:* An Eſſay, *&c.* In which are Contained ſeveral Falſe and Scandalous Reflections on *Chriſt Church* in *Oxon. But to turn over the Title Page. In his Preamble (where I aſſure you he pretends abundance of Modeſty) he cannot forbear making open Proclamation, that he and his Friend, to whom he addreſſes this piece, have reſolved to cenſure and damn all Books, that ſhall be hereafter Publiſhed: To which purpoſe they*

have eſtabliſhed a Critical Correſpondence between them. Wo be to all poor Writers for the future! But he has given the World no reaſon to hope well of this Grand Deſign. For in the preſent caſe (which it ſeems is the firſt he has medled in) he is far from being ſo fair and equitable a Moderator as he ought, or indeed as he himſelf would pretend to be. For he has every where ſhewed that Dogmatical Humour and Arrogance he blames in others; and has taken a moſt intolerable Freedom, where he ought not to have done it. I have but two Reaſons to think that Dr. Bentley *himſelf did not write this Treatiſe: One is, that the Matter is infinitely too Polite, and the Style too Smooth and Flowing for him. The other, that I hardly believe his Self-love and Pride, would have ſuffered him to have dealt ſo freely and juſtly with his own and his Friend's Characters; tho' it was the moſt likely way to do him a real Service at the bottom. For theſe Reaſons I muſt acquit the Doctor, and tell you, that I rather believe the Author to be an Eſquire, (as he calls himſelf) and one*

of

of those mighty Wits amongst you in Town, that set up for the Overthrow of Religion; who the better to gain their Ends, lay hold on all Occasions, of traducing the Universities, and undermining the Dignity and Character of the Clergy. And tho' I have said this of him, yet it is no Wonder that he is Dr. Bentley's *Friend and Acquaintance.*

Here I have several things to account for. The first is a *Misnomer.* But I cannot agree with him in it, since I am by no means guilty of the *False* and *Scandalous Reflections* he talks of. For what I have said of *Christ Church* in *Oxon*, is so far from being the *false* or *scandalous* Insinuation of an Enemy, that their best Friends have frequently and publickly owned the Truth of it; and (to quote *Horace* once more) *Dicere verum quid vetat?* I appeal to you, or any impartial Person, whether I have not left many things unmentioned, that might easily have been brought in, if I had had a Mind to

shew

ſhew my Malice. But I thought my ſelf Obliged to touch upon nothing, but what lay immediately within the Argument. I did not ſo much urge my own ſingle Opinion, as deliver the Senſe of every Body that knew them, which I could eaſily make appear, was it not too invidious a Task. But if I could not, this Gentleman has effectually done it for me. He has given the World a freſh and unqueſtionable Evidence, that there is as much Vanity at leaſt, as Learning in that College, as I ſhall prove by and by from his own Words. If inſtead of making Amendments in my *Title Page*, he had given me ſome Uſeful Monitions and Grave Advice, and told me, that it was a Rule in Satyr, *Parcere perſonis dicere de vitijs*, that *Truth was not to be ſpoken at all times*, &c. I might very probably have ſtood Corrected, and never have troubled you nor him with this Defence. But he is pleaſed to be ſcurrilous, and I muſt go on with him to the next Accuſation; which is for erecting a

Critical

Critical Tribunal, and making you and my ſelf the Arbitrary Judges of it. Could this be made out, I muſt confeſs, he would have great Reaſon to complain of me, for removing that Court of extream Juſtice from his Reſidence, and for wreſting the Authority out of their Hands, who have more leiſure and aſſurance to put it in Execution. But I cannot imagine what brought the Whim into his Head. There is not the leaſt Ground for it, in that Sentence he ſeems to point at in the Eſſay; where, after profeſſing my own Inability and Unwillingneſs to venture upon ſo Nice a Topick, I ſay, *In order to begin that Correſpondence betwixt us, which your Letter ſo kindly propoſes, and which is ſo much for my own Benefit, I will here give my imperfect Thoughts upon*, &c. He might as well have found out the Doctrine of Tranſubſtantiation in theſe Words, as any ſuch Meaning; but when a Man is reſolved to ſay what comes next, who can help it? Hitherto the *Eſſay* and the *Eſſayer* (as he calls me)

me) are only concerned. But now you have Dr. *Bentley* forced in by Neck and Heels, to bear me Company, and take his ſhare of the Satyr. It ſeems, he is never to eſcape the Gaul of their acute Pens; for otherwiſe I cannot conceive, why he is named here, only to tell the Courteous Reader, that he had nothing to do with this Treatiſe. The ſame Argument would have brought in the *Czar* of *Muſcovy*, and many other great Men, that never dreamt of turning Authors; unleſs he will inſiſt upon it, that he has but two Reaſons to believe the Dr. did not write it, and perhaps there may be two and twenty, to think the *Czar* did not: But then he muſt conſider again, that one of the Reaſons he has given is as good as one thouſand, and in ſuch a Caſe a little *Logick*, with the Help of as much *Philoſophy*, would have taught him to conceal his private Reſentments. If Dr. *Bentley* had not been a Man of *Self-love* and *Pride*, common Senſe ſure would have hindered him from

dealing

dealing ſo very freely with Mr. *Wotton* and himſelf. For I cannot ſee what *Real Service it could do him at the bottom*, to wound his Enemy through his own ſides. The other Reaſon indeed I doubt was thrown in unawares, or with a Deſign meerly to mortifie the Doctor. For he no ſooner ſays, that I write a better Style than the Doctor, but you may perceive he immediately recollects himſelf, and leaſt I ſhould grow proud upon it, calls me in the ſame Breath a *Traducer of the Univerſity, a Reviler of the Clergy, an Underminer of the Church, and an Overthrower of Religion:* And which is ſtill more notorious (for I was to expect no better Language from him) he beſtows the ſame Compliments upon the Doctor too, without any regard at all to his Character. One would have thought Dr. *Bentley's* Sermons againſt *Atheiſm* (for I muſt ſuppoſe our Student has read them) would have ſecured him in particnlar from ſuch inſufferable Calumnies. I hope after this, he will not complain of any Man's incivility.

There

There are no ſuch Aſperſions to be found in my late Piece. The Liberty there taken with Dr. *Aldrich*, is of another Nature, of a much lower form. For any thing I have ſaid to the contrary, he may ſtill be an Honeſt Man, and a good Chriſtian. I medled not with his Morals or way of Life, becauſe it would have been an impertinent and unjuſtifiable way of Detraction, which I thought below me: And yet this *Cenſor Morum*, this Corrector of my *Intolerable Freedoms*, has not boggled at it himſelf. Whatever he may think of my *Squireſhip*, I have a greater Reſpect for any Dignified *Divine*, than to call him an *Atheiſt*: I am not ſo like *Almanzor* (as he would elſewhere have me) *to do all this becauſe I dare*. Every Man's Reputation (eſpecially a Clergy-man's) ought to be Sacred: The Law makes it ſo, and has provided Penalties againſt the Authors of Libels and Defamatory Books. But, if there was no Satisfaction to be had in theſe caſes, it is a mean and ungenerous thing, to expoſe and publiſh any one's Faults, eſpecially ſuch

ſuch as may really wound his Character, and good Name in the World. No body that had had any Notion of Honour or Good Manners, would have been guilty of it, when it had no relation at all to his Subject. So much for my Morals. In the next place you have an Account of my Learning.

But I would gladly know what there is in this piece, that ſhould make it gain ſo mighty a Reputation, as you ſay it has; and particularly how it comes to deſerve your Eſteem, notwithſtanding the averſion you are pleaſed to ſay you have to the Satyrical Stuff *in it. It is indeed called (I ſhould ſay miſcalled)* An Eſſay concerning Critical and Curious Learning: *Which, I muſt own, is a very promiſing Title, and one might reaſonably expect ſomething new and delicate upon ſo nice an Argument. It came to my Hands with an extraordinary Advantage, in that it had your Recommendation. I durſt not paſs any Cenſure upon it. I ſuſpended my Judgment, and read it again and again; but*

I liked it worſe every time I did ſo. I cannot indeed but acknowledge, I had ſome little reaſon to be byaſſed, when I found the Worthy and Reverend Dean of Chriſt Church *ſo undecently treated; and the Reputation of his whole Society arraigned in a moſt imperious and inſolent Manner.*

This Paragraph is civil enough in Conſcience from a profeſſed Adverſary; and if I manage it to the beſt advantage, I ſhall be able to pick up a Compliment or two at leaſt out of it, which may make ſome little amends for his former Rudeneſſes. Firſt then, he tells me, the Eſſay has gained a good Reputation in General; that his Friend in particular, was pleaſed to paſs a Favourable Cenſure upon it; and that truly for his own part, he is byaſſed upon the *Dean* of *Chriſt-Church*'s account. After this frank Confeſſion of his Partiality, I can eaſily forgive his calling what is ſaid upon his College *Satyrical Stuff*. I am not concerned neither at any other Unkind Expreſſions; becauſe I know they

they are extorted from his good Nature. I do not much care too, if I reſign him my *Title page*, ſince he will needs inſiſt again upon it, *viz. It is called, (I ſhould ſay miſcalled)*. There is no withſtanding ſuch an unaffected flower and turn of Speech: *Tully* himſelf could not have ſaid ſo much in ſo ſhort a Parentheſis: And therefore (as I ſaid before) my Title-page is at his Service. Thus far Matters are well enough reconciled: He has either meant me no harm, or done me none: And if I can acquit my ſelf as well from what follows, we ſhall part very good Friends.

The ſerious part of this Piece is nothing but a Farrago of common Notions, put indeed into tolerable good Language: But the Author talks ſo very abruptly, and has ſo cramped himſelf upon every Head, that what he ſays of his Performance in jeſt, may very well be applyed to it in good earneſt; viz. *That by endeavouring to ſay a great deal in ſo narrow a Compaſs and ſhort a Time, he has ſcarce ſaid any thing. But*

why did not our Eſſayer *take a wider Compaſs, and a longer Time for this mighty Undertaking of his? What provocation had he to ſpeak to any Subject, unleſs he would have done it to purpoſe? Was it a Task impoſed upon him, which he was willing to get off his Hands as ſoon as he could, and was he at the ſame time obliged to print it? When he delivers his own Opinion, and gives the finiſhing turn to any Argument, he does it in as poſitive deciſive a manner, as if Dr.* Bentley *himſelf had done it. He bears all down before him, and when he is going to prove ſome ordinary known thing, puts himſelf into as great a Sweat and Tumult, as if he was about ſome of the knottyeſt Points in all* Mathematicks, *and was doing no leſs than* ſquaring the Circle. *To make a ſhew of much Learning (a Qualification not very common amongſt ſuch* Wits) *he runs through all the Sciences, but after a very odd manner: For when the Reader expects ſome handſome Account of them, he baulks him with lame and imperfect Definitions. He pretends to have preſſed his matter very cloſe, but it is ſtill ſo ſpungy,*

ſpungy, that it may be ſqueezed much cloſer, and fairly reduced into nothing. I have often heard honeſt Will. Pate, *talk as roundly over a Glaſs of Wine, of all kinds of Learning and Languages, as our Author, without ever ſuſpecting him to have any clear or full Notions of what he was about. There is a ſort of Common-place, which any Man that keeps good Company may eaſily be furniſhed with; and yet at the ſame time, be no more a* Scholar, *than the* Pope's Parrot, *that could repeat the Creed, by keeping much Company with his Holineſs, was a Chriſtian.*

The firſt Sentence here, is a flat Contradiction to what went before. Before he affirmed in Cool Blood, that *my Matter was polite, and my Style ſmooth, and flowing:* Now his Paſſion gets the better of him, and it is nothing but a *Farrago of common Notions*; which is as much as to ſay, that the ſame thing is *white*, and is not *white* at the ſame time: For a *Farrago of common Notion*, and *polite Matter*, are no more akin than Light

and Darkneſs. However, ſince he ſtill owns, that theſe *Common Notions are put into Good Language*, I have no reaſon to contend with him about a ſmall Contradiction. For by this Conceſſion, he gives me no leſs a Character, than that which the *Criticks* have made the Propriety of the Divine *Horace*, viz. *the expreſſing Common Things in Excellent Words*; (which by the way is the reaſon that Poet can never be well tranſlated; for no other Language is ſufficiently expreſſive of the Delicacy and Fulneſs of the Latine Phraſe.) But in the following part of this Paragraph he ſeems at firſt ſight to offer ſeveral weighty Objections, but they are put in ſuch looſe and general Terms, that I can make nothing of them. Inſtead of giving a Reaſon for what he ſays, he asks two or three impertinent Queſtions, of no more Conſequence than if he ſhould have ſaid, *What is your Name, Sir? What does* T. R. *ſtand for?* Nay, they are hardly ſo much to his Point. For if he could but once have learned who I was, he

he might possibly have made an odd use of it, and troubled the World with a History of my Life. But that which looks most like a real Objection is this; *He runs through all the Sciences, but after a very odd manner. For when the Reader expects some handsome account of them, he baulks him with lame and imperfect Definitions.* If he means, that what I have said upon the Sciences, is not sufficient to give the Reader a distinct View, and full Idea of them, I shall readily acquiesce in his Criticism, and only urge in my Vindication, that it was impossible for me to do it in the compass I had allotted my self. But if his meaning is, that what I have said is in it self *lame* and *imperfect*, he would have done well to have given me some particular instance of it; for 'till he is pleased to do so, I can make no Defence without accusing my self. I writ the *Essay* with the same awe (if I may be allowed the Comparison on my part) that *Tully* did his Epistles to *Atticus*. I knew I was talking

to one that underſtood every Topick better than my ſelf; and was therefore much more ſparing of my words than I ſhould have been, had I pretended inſtruction. But, if I had deſigned that, I know not what likelier Method I could have taken, than firſt to give the general definition of every Science in as pleaſing unſcholaſtick Terms as I could, and then to deliver my own particular Notions of it. But I never preended to anſwer the full end of your Propoſals; or to give my Opnion, how far a Man might proceed in every Science, without carrying his Search further, than was uſeful. This, Sir, I told you was an Agument infinitely too bulky and extenſive, for the form and length of *an Eſſay*; and as I conceived, was to be managed in the ſame Method, the Famous *Verulam* had done his Excellent Book of the *Advancement of Learning*, and would require a Volume little leſs than his. I was ſo farfrom thinking my ſelf equal to ſo vaſt an Undertaking, that I was ſtocked at it;

and

and I then ſaid what I ſtill think, that it was a Work hardly to be performed in the Compaſs of one Man's Life; and was therefore a more fit Employment for a Body of Learned Men, than a ſingle Perſon. They muſt be Men too, hardly unacquainted with any thing. For how elſe could they determine critically of all kinds of Knowledge? How could they aſſign ſuitable Methods and proportionable Degrees, for the proceſs of Humane Underſtanding, in all her Enquiries? How could they pretend to fix the Boundaries of Learning? How could they be capable of forming a regular Scheme and Plan of the whole Circle of Arts and Sciences for the Benefit of others, if they were not perfect Maſters of 'em themſelves? I queſtion whether there is, or ever was, any one Man in the World thus qualified. Our late Lord *Bacon* has in the Book I juſt now mentioned, given large Proofs of the Univerſality of his Genius; but he himſelf was of my Opinion. *Ariſtotle* was certainly

the moſt generally knowing of all Antiquity; yet he is ſuſpected to have copied ſome of the Books aſcribed to him, and to have burnt the Originals from whence he had them. To be thoroughly vers'd in any Art, is the Effect of much Time and Induſtry; and we are apt to think our ſelves accompliſhed Perſons too, when once diſtinguiſhed by the ſingle Name of good *Aſtronomers*, or *Poets*, or *Orators*, &c. without ever hoping to be thought all of them. Thoſe who now adays ſet up for univerſal Scholars, are commonly Men but of rambling Pedantical Learning. They are nicely skill'd in the Mechanical Part and Jargon of the Sciences; have probably read and got by heart all the General *Syſtems*: They are ſuch perfect Maſters of the Terms in *Logick*, that they can immediately form an argument in any *Mode* and *Figure*, detect a *Sophiſm* at the firſt Glance, and, which is ſtill more, compile *a Compendium of the whole Art*, if Occaſion be, for the Uſe of their Friends and Pupils. They underſtand ſo much

of

of *Mathematicks*, as to ſolve moſt of the *Problems* in *Euclid*; Nay, perhaps as to draw up a ſmall unintelligible *Scheme of the Grounds and Principles of Geometry.* They may be ſo well vers'd in *Aſtronomy* too, as to know the Common Revolutions of the Stars, to calculate the Eclipſes of the Sun and Moon, and to furniſh out an *Almanack* every year, (ſet off and adorned with Curious *Italian* Sculptures, whereby it becomes not only uſeful, to find out the Day of the Month, but at the ſame time ſerves inſtead of a Picture in a Cloſet, and by Conſequence is never out of Date.) But whether ſuch Men have any Notion of the profound Reſearches in theſe and other Sciences, whether they have made any uſeful and ſound Reflections upon them or not, remains a doubt, 'till they ſhall give the World greater Proofs and Evidences than theſe I have named.

But I had almoſt forgot his Extraordinary Waggery, in comparing *Will. Pate* and me to *Pope* ſomebody's Parrot. It is plain from hence, that he

he is deeply read in *Church-History*. He could no doubt have told what the Pope's Name was, what Language he and the Parrot uſed to converſe in, *&c.* and I wonder he did not; ſince theſe and ſuch like Circumſtances would have been as *New* and *Entertaining* to the Reader, as that of the *Birds repeating the Creed*, and as applicable withal to me. But why poor *Will. Pate* is here abuſed, is a Miſtery of impertinence. He has not I hope taken Dr. *Bentley*'s ſide, and ſpoken Treaſon againſt *Phalaris*. If he has, let him lye at a Tyrant's Mercy. If he has not, I will in his Name and my own, preſent our *Athenian* with one Bird for another, and tell him plainly, that he is as like an *Owl*, as either *Will. Pate* or a *Parrot*; for as the Proverb expreſly has it, *There are Owls at Athens*, as well as Parrots at *Rome*.

In ſhort, he is ſometimes a proud, ſupercilious Critick, ſometimes a dry and ſtarch'd Common-placer, and always impertinent to his Reader, and inconſiſtent with

with himself. If it was worth while, I would undertake to refute every thing out of the Essay it self. One Sentence contradicts another. He is not of the same Opinion two Leaves together. Here you have him crying up Experimental Philosophy, *but with abundance of Limitations, as the most pleasant Study in the World, and which a Man ought to spend all his time in. Presently he forgets this, and talks as loudly for all the other Sciences one after another; only* Mathematicks and Metaphysicks *have the hard hap not to be of the number of his Favourites. When he comes to talk of his beloved Argument,* of Critical Learning in the Modern Acception, as it is taken for a thorough Understanding of Classick Authors, and an exact Knowledge of all those Rules, by which Men judge and determine nicely of all the finer Parts and Branches of Humane Literature; *he displays all his force, and is most wonderfully instructive. He informs his Reader,* that *Aristotle* was the first that drew up these Rules into a Compass, and made Criticism an Art; that

that *Horace*, *Longinus*, and all the Criticks both Ancient and Modern, drained moſt of their Knowledge from him. *This is juſt as much and no more, than has been ſaid an hundred times in Dedications and Prefaces to Plays. Not only Mr.* Congreve, Dennis, *&c. but even* Settle *and* Durfey *have often ſaid it before him; and moſt of them in their preſent Controverſie with Mr.* Collier, *make nothing of talking of* Ariſtotle *as familiarly as this Gentleman, without ever having read one word of him. But he goes on victoriouſly, and ſays, Criticiſm is without all doubt a very good thing, notwithſtanding what ſome People ſay of it; and hath a pretty ſimilitude about* Alexander *and* Cæſar, *nothing to the purpoſe; from whence however he infers as faſt as Hops, the great Advantage of Critical Knowledge. Such Deductions are of the ſame ſtamp with his Friend's Dr.* Bentley's: *But I am ſure I argue more Logically, when I ſay, that becauſe Dr.* Bentley *writes falſe* Latin *and falſe* Engliſh, *that therefore by way of contrary he is in the right of it; for a good Argument may be, and often*

often is ill defended. After having muſter'd up all this, he leaves his Argument for a while, and makes a digreſſion upon the uſe of frequent Compoſitions. *Here he crowds his fine Notions very thick upon us, and to ſingle out one from amongſt many, he tells us,* that all the Faculties of the Mind, whether Active or Paſſive, are mightily heightened and improved by Exerciſe. *This propoſition is certainly true; and ſo it will hold, if I ſhould affirm it of the Faculties of the Body, and illuſtrate my Poſition with the Famous Story of* Milo, *who firſt tryed his Strength in carrying a* Calf, *and by conſtant Application, was at laſt able to do as much for an* Oxe. *But who could I hope to inform by it? Is any Body that had common Senſe or Learning before, made ever a whit the wiſer for this? If I ſay, Critically ſpeaking, that* Virgil *is a better Poet than* Martial, *and* Heroick Poetry *nobler than* Anagram, *I talk upon ſafe Grounds, and no Body can contradict me, without palpably contradicting the Truth: But what then? When a Man will needs be an Author, eſpecially of* Eſſays; it is

expected

expected he ſhould produce *Ardens aliquid*, ſomething New and *Entertaining*: Montaign *and Sir* Evremont *are remarkable for it. There is yet another notable piece of Criticiſm, and it is that* Tully was a better Poet than an Oratour. *This is true too, and I have nothing to ſay in Anſwer to it. But to return with him from this digreſſion. The next thing he preſents us with, is a terrible deſcription of the Modern Criticks*, That they are byaſſed by partiality, and in ſpight of all their ſpecious Pretences, a ſtrong Tincture of ill Nature unhappily appears in every Line. They tell us indeed in their Prefaces, that they have dealt very handſomly and candidly with the Authors they Comment upon: But when we come to the Remarks themſelves, we are entertained with nothing but continual Snarling and Inſolence. *This will prove as true as the reſt of his Axioms and wiſe Sayings, if rightly applyed, that is to himſelf.*

One would imagine by the Conciſe *in ſhort* at the Head of this Article,

ticle, that he had before put himſelf quite out of Breath with Reaſoning, and was now come to make his *Uſe* and *Application* from the whole. But it is at laſt only to ſay over again, what he has ſaid ſeveral times already, that he could if he would, prove my Eſſay to be *inconſiſtent* and *contradictory*. If I thought this forbearance of his was pure good Nature, I ſhould be mightily Obliged to him. But I am of their ill contrived Temper, who ſuſpect every Kindneſs from an Enemy to be the effect of Neceſſity more than Choice; and think he does not do me Harm, only becauſe he cannot. But, when a Man is at a *Non plus*, 'tis a pretty Superficial Turn, to pretend he will not trouble himſelf and the Reader, with heaping up all that might be ſaid upon the Occaſion. The true Reaſon of Silence in ſuch Caſes is, that what is left behind is not worth ſpeaking. The Argument in it ſelf may not be exhauſted indeed; but it is not the Talent of every *Pamphleteer* to ſay juſt as much as a Subject

ject will handſomely bear, and no more: There is required a ſolid Judgment to do this, even on the moſt trifling Queſtions. As to the *Crying up Experimental Phyloſophy, and then talking as loudly for all the other Sciences*, it is unfairly alledged againſt me, and I may ſay without any breach of Modeſty, that I have not Confounded my Opinions: I have been at leaſt conſiſtent with my ſelf. For if I affirm, *That Experimental Philoſophy is the moſt Noble, Beneficial, and Satisfactory*, of all thoſe Sciences, that an inquirer into Nature can apply himſelf to, and in the ſame Diſcourſe call *Hiſtory* (in relation to Civil Life) *one of the moſt uſeful and pleaſant Studies in the World*, I ſhall be thought to Contradict my ſelf by no body, that is poſſeſt of a tolerable Underſtanding, tho' the Superlative Degree is uſed in both Caſes. And yet this is all I can find (upon an impartial Examination) that makes him aſſert ſo poſitively, that *one Sentence contradicts another; that I am not of the ſame Opinion two Leaves together.*

ther. But the Miſchief of it is, he ſuſpects at the bottom I know nothing of the Topicks I am upon, and therefore takes it for granted, that I betray my ignorance every now and then, eſpecially of *Mathematicks* and *Metaphyſicks*. If I may be permitted to uſe the ſame freedom, and gueſs at his Skill in theſe Matters by his manner of Refuting an Eſſay, I fancy they are a little too Crabbed for his Head too, as well as mine. He ſeems to be no Friend to the *Mathematicks* neither, and I doubt is ſo far from being likely to *Square the Circle*, that it would perplex him grievouſly to demonſtrate, that the Three Angles in a Triangle are neither bigger nor leſs than Two Right Angles; or any ſuch known Propoſition. But all this is *gratis dictum*. He may overflow with Learning, and yet ſcorn to beſtow any of it upon me and my idle Treatiſe. It is enough to ſay I write Non-ſenſe, without being at the Pains to prove it; For ſome Mens bare Authority is more Convincing than other Mens

beſt Arguments. In the next place he examines my Knowledge in *Claſſick Learning*, and here to my Eternal Shame he finds me no better a Proficient than in the *Severer Studies*. He finds nothing but common and trivial things, but what has been ſaid in Dedications and Prefaces an hundred times. I own I ſay *Ariſtotle* was the Father of Criticiſm, which for any thing I know may have been ſaid not only an hundred, but a thouſand times before me. But what then? I do not advance it as a New Diſcovery. I only make uſe of it as a neceſſary Introduction to a Diſcourſe upon that Subject. If I had talked of *Criticiſm*, and not named *Ariſtotle*, I ſuppoſe I ſhould have been as much to blame on the other hand. And there would have been a great deal more reaſon for ſuſpecting me not to have read any part of his Works than at preſent there can be. 'Tis true, I have quoted no Greek out of him, which I ought by all means to have done, had I foreſeen my acquaintance with that Language had

had been likely to come in queſtion. But whether I underſtand it or not, the *four Poets* (who are here as awkardly brought in and traduced as *Will. Pate* was) may, for any thing this *Academick* or I know to the contrary. None of them, I dare ſay, have ever made honourable mention of *Ariſtotle* in their *Prefaces*, without a Greek Citation or two at the ſame time. And in *their preſent Controverſie with Mr.* Collier, ſome of them have plentifully quoted Latine and Greek Authors in their own Tongue; the *Fathers* themſelves have hardly eſcaped. But I have enough to do to defend my ſelf. It ſeems I have not only dealt too *familiarly* with *Ariſtotle*, but with his *great Pupil Alexander*, and *Cæſar* likewiſe; and I muſt give an account of it. As to this; I will beg leave to tell my Friend, he has ignorantly, or (which is as bad) wilfully miſtaken the plain Senſe of a whole Paragraph, as you will immediately ſee, if you pleaſe to caſt your Eye upon the 29*th*. Page of the *Eſſay*. He

ſays I infer from *Alexander* and *Cæſar* the great advantage of Critical Knowledge. Whereas on the contrary I ſay, ſome People have argued the inconvenience of adhereing to Critical Rules, from a Compariſon of thoſe two great Examples in *Heroick Virtue.* But for all this Miſtake is ſo groſs and apparent, he runs away with it, and in a moſt Academical Sophiſm (put indeed as a Parallel to my Reaſoning, but truly a Specimen of his own) he ridicules me and Dr. *Bentley* at once for two poor ſilly Fellows, that know nothing of *Logick*. If this was not below an Anſwer, it would be very eaſie to prove from it, that he had never read *one word of Ariſtotle*, nor any other *Logician* neither, any more than my Worſhip. One would think it impoſſible for a Man of common Senſe, to write ſuch incoherent irrational Traſh. But ſometimes Peoples Malice perverts their Underſtanding, and tranſports them to a ſtrange degree of Folly and Impertinence. But I may think, and ſay, and prove what

what I will; he is ſo well ſatisfied with the juſtneſs of his Reflections, that he purſues me with equal Vigour through the *Digreſſion upon the uſe of frequent Compoſitions*; and to my great Comfort he does it juſt with equal ſucceſs too. Here he is again diſguſted at my Trumping common Notions upon him for *fine Things*; which (ſays he) are by no means proper for an *Eſſay*, where all ſhould be *New* and *Entertaining*, (which he makes two Synonimous Terms). But with his good leave, (ſince he will force me to juſtifie my *Common Notions*) the commoneſt Notions are always the moſt proper Mediums, the beſt and ſureſt Baſis to reaſon upon, and are in themſelves the ſtrongeſt Arguments, for that they ariſe moſt naturally and eaſily out of any Subject. And therefore, whoever writes (*Eſſay* or *Pamphlet*) with a deſign to convince, muſt not neglect the uſe of them. The Sentence here produced as an Inſtance of my ordinary *Common Stuff*, [*All the faculties of the Mind, whether active or paſſive,*

ſive, are mightily heightened and improved by Exerciſe.] I am not at all aſhamed of. I ſtill think it a good argement, to evince the advantage of frequent application to Compoſition. If a Man would always reſolve to write ſomething that was never ſaid or thought of before, his Productions might be *New* indeed, but not therefore *Entertaining*; nay they muſt of Neceſſity be Whimſical and Ridiculous. We find very few Books upon the ſame Topicks, (tho' penned by Authors of never ſuch different *Genius*'s) that do not for the moſt part uſe the ſame General Arguments, and often interfere with one another: But that which commonly diſtinguiſhes them, is the particular Manner, the Style and Method of each Author. Not that I would affirm, that Men do not ſometimes differ very materially in their Sentiments of the ſame things. What elſe has occaſioned ſo many oppoſite *Hypotheſes*, ſo many *Diſputes* and *Controverſies*, which have always employed the Pens of the Learned, and

to

to which indeed are owing the greateſt Progreſſes and Advances that have been made in Knowledge, both in paſt and preſent Ages? But I forget my Text. *Another piece of Criticiſm is, that* Tully *was a better Poet than an Oratour*, &c. I will take no advantage of the words *Poet* and *Oratour* being here tranſpoſed, becauſe I believe it was through the Printer's Negligence; but I am not ſure he would not have made himſelf merry with any ſuch ſlip in my Book. He is guilty of as idle things. In this very place he quotes half a Sentence, puts his own Conſtruction upon it, and then makes me talk as like a *Squire* as he pleaſes. 'Tis true, (in the *39th. page* of the *Eſſay*, which I ſuppoſe he refers to) I name *Cicero*; but it is only as an Inſtance to prove, *that Invention in any kind, will turn to ſome advantage or other*, and that his application to Poetry was of great uſe to him in his Rhetorical Compoſures. But whether he was a better *Poet* or an *Oratour*, was a Controverſie that did not lye much in my way, and I only hinted at it. To pronounce

fully and clearly upon ſo doubtful a Queſtion, to unriddle a Secret that had lain hid ſo many Centuries, was reſerved for ſome extraordinary Genius; ſuch an *Ædipus* could ariſe only in *Thebes* or *Athens*. What follows, is tranſcribed from the Eſſay, and tartly applied to me. But I think the Cap is put on at a Venture, without knowing or conſidering, whether it would fit or not. For he cannot make any Body elſe (if he can himſelf) believe, that I have betrayed the leaſt *Partiality*, becauſe Dr. *Bentley* is as freely handled as *Chriſt-Church*. Whatever either ſide may think of the Matter, I have honeſtly given them the real ſenſe of the impartial part of the Town, about their Quarrel and way of Managing it. But if plain dealing can have no Effect upon them, let them e'en go on, and make ſport for others by expoſing themſelves.

The next Paragraph is to inform all thoſe whom it may concern, that I play booty with Dr. *Bentley*, and that upon ſecond Thoughts I am more like

like *Almanzor*, than a Squire: Which (however important) I ſhall paſs over in ſilence, as things that ſufficiently anſwer themſelves. But I cannot, I fear, make ſuch quick Work of that Paragraph which follows it. I have there a long Scroll of Offences to anſwer to; and that you may the better judge how far I am guilty, you muſt have the Patience to hear both ſides.

In his firſt Attack upon the College, he takes Dr. Bentley's *Method, and ſays peremptorily, Mr.* Boyle's *Name is falſly ſet to the late Anſwer to the* Diſſertation againſt *Phalaris*'s Epiſtles, *&c. and that he is ſure he had no hand at all in it. This he does out of pure Complaiſance to Mr.* Boyl *as a Gentleman, that there may be no Quarrel between them two; for he is reſolv'd to cut and ſlaſh the Book to Pieces, and without any more to do, ſays it is full of nothing but* little Witticiſms and School-Boys Jeſts. *He begs leave of his Reader (being a very Civil Perſon) to ſuggeſt his own Opinion. And truly his*

his Opinion is, that it was made (as moſt Compoſitions in that College are) by a Select Club: Every Man ſeems to have thrown in a Repartee, or ſo, in his Turn; and the moſt ingenious Dr. *Aldrich*, no doubt, was at the Head of them, and ſmoaked, and punned plentifully on this Occaſion. *A pretty Conceipt this! What a* Dutch *Image of Wit and Compoſition is here! There is juſt as much Wit and Sence, as Probability and Good Manners in it. For when a Gentleman has affixed his Name to a Book, and owned it, ſhall any one that dares do neither, give him the Lye, and pretend Civility at the ſame time? It was a Clowniſh bold Piece of Freedom at firſt in Dr.* Bentley, *and now the ſame in this Ambuſcado Writer. Such rude Treatment would have been abominable to any of Mr.* Boyle's *Quality, had he been a Man of no Note, had he never given any Proofs of his extraordinary Genius and great Learning to the World; and as the Caſe is quite otherwiſe, you and the Author muſt pardon, if I ſay it is downright impudent. But this is only*

ly a Sample of ſome more Behaviour of the ſame kind. He has plenty of ſuch Civilities in ſtore for the Dean *and* Students of Chriſt Church, *who he takes to be the true Authors of the Book. But he does not trouble himſelf to anſwer them in any thing material; but without the leaſt Provocation, takes their Manners moſt ſeverely to Task, puts a mark upon them, and aſſures his Friend, that* they diſtinguiſh themſelves from the reſt of the Univerſity, not by their extraordinary Learning, but their abominable Arrogance. *He wonders how they can have the Confidence to condemn* Pride *in another, when they have ſo great a ſhare of it themſelves. He would very fain know,* why it is not as excuſable in Dr. *Bentley*, who is a Scholar, as in ſome young Men, who cannot reaſonably be ſuppoſed to be ſo. *He is very angry with the* Dean, *and admoniſhes him for encouraging this haughty proud Temper of theirs by his own Example; and as a ſtrong Conviction that he does ſo, he calls a ſmall* Compendium of Logick *to witneſs, in which the Dean*

was

was ſo unfortunate as to cenſure the Author of the Art of Thinking. *I know not what Civilities* T. R. *Eſq; thinks are due to Forreigners; he is not very Courtly, I am ſure, to his own Country men. But farther; he ventures to affirm, that the* Compendium of Logick *is one of the worſt he ever read. The reaſon is, becauſe it is writen in* good Latin. *A moſt unpardonable Fault indeed! Well, but this is not all: He has ſomething more to quarrel with them about, and that is for calling Dr.* Bentley *Pedant, when he can prove them to be as rank Pedants themſelves. For (ſays he)* I take it to be as errant a Sign of Pedantry, to publiſh bad Editions of old Authors, and to be highly ſolicitous about the various Readings of them, which former Editions have only neglected, becauſe they were inſignificant, as to lard *Engliſh* Writings with *Greek* and Latin. *He is very much in the Right of it; but what is this to* Chriſt-Church? *Yes; it is directly levelled at it.* For (*he continues*) Dr. *Aldrich* is pretty notorious at preſent for imploying his young

young unexperienced Students this way. *I know not what he means* by employing his young unexperienced Students: *But I know, and under his Favour, it may be ſaid without any Partiality at all, that thoſe Books which have been put forth by this College, both in the late Learned Dr.* Fell's *time, and the preſent* Dean's *too, have a very good Reputation, not only here at home, but are likewiſe much approved by Forreigners abroad; which, I hope, will recommend them to Dr.* Bentley's *Eſteem, whatever it may do to this Gentleman's. As for the late Edition of* Æſop's Fables, *it will be time enough to defend it when it is accuſed. Here the* Preface *is only concerned, for calling Dr.* Bentley *plain* quidam. *He would, I ſuppoſe, have had his Name uſhered in with half a dozen Epithets of Reſpect; not conſidering how ſcurvily he is uſing Dr.* Bentley's *Betters all this while. But the next Charge bears hard upon them: For it is about no leſs than* two Epigrams *and one* Verſe, *in a Poem, intituled,* Articuli Pacis, *which he has found in a Book lately publiſhed, called,*

called, Examen Poeticum duplex, *&c. He is very ſolicitous (it being a Matter of vaſt Conſequence) to diſcover the Author of them; and at laſt ventures to affirm, that either the* Dean *himſelf, or ſomebody elſe made them. The Conjecture is not much unlike that of the* Dutch Commentators *about* Horace's *Mother, who, after all their Enquiry, could not be poſitive who ſhe was, but they unanimouſly agreed that he certainly had one. This being ſagely premiſed; he proceeds to give Dr.* Bentley *ſome Comfort, and to infuſe a Balm into the Wound, the Sting and Venom in the Tale of theſe wicked* Epigrams *might poſſibly have made in his Mind, aſſuring him* en Critique. *that theſe are by no means the beſt Copies in that Collection. As to this; if there was any need of an Apology (which I do not apprehend there is) it might be alledged as a good one, that* that Collection *was made privately by ſome Gentlemen, that did not think fit to own themſelves, and the* Poems *ſpoken of were inſerted without the Author's Leave or Knowledge; and therefore they are*

not

not ſtrictly obliged to account for them. But this is not very much to the Point in hand, and I ſhall wave it.

I am here at the ſame loſs I have been at all along, to find out any thing that will bear the leaſt Examination; or indeed that looks like an Honeſt Defence. For to recite an *Abuſe* (I give him his own Word) with a Pretence to anſwer it, and leave it unanſwered, is certainly more injurious than the *Abuſe* it ſelf; which is the caſe before you. But becauſe I believe he deſigned well, and meant his *Friends and himſelf a real Service at the bottom*, I will put his Objections in the cleareſt Light I can, and make the moſt of them. I am then chiefly accuſed of three things:

1. Of Impudence, in robbing the Honourable Mr. *Boyl* of his Title to a Book, which he has put his Name to.

2. Of Inſolence, in dealing ſcurvily with the *Reverend and Worthy Dr.* Aldrich.

3. Of Ignorance, in undervaluing not

not only the Ingenious Anſwer to Dr. *Bentley*, but the *Chriſt-Church* accurate Editions of Old Authors.

To all theſe Charges I plead not guilty. And firſt, I deny that I have either impudently or modeſtly robb'd Mr. *Boyl* of any Honour due to him. For to argue with this Academick in his own way (*i. e.*) by way of Syllogiſm; becauſe I would not be too ſerious in Aſſerting an ill-natur'd Truth.

If any Man puts his Name to a Book, which he is not the Author of, there is no impudence or injury in denying him a Title to it.

But Mr. *Boyle* has put his Name to a Book, which he is not the Author of.

Ergo.

If you are not yet convinced, I prove my *Minor* thus.

If Mr. *Boyle* has put his Name to a Book, which contains things he does not underſtand, then he has put his Name to a Book which he is not the Author of.

But Mr. *Boyle* has put his Name to

to a Book, which contains things he does not underſtand.

Ergo again.

Another Hypothetick or two would clear the Point. But I trifle. There is no need of ſhewing my Skill in Logick, or of endeavouring to make out that, which (like a *firſt Principle*) every Body takes for granted. Beſides, to tell you the Truth, I am a little unwilling to puſh this Matter too far. I would be tender of a *Hopeful young Gentleman*'s Reputation, if *He and his Friends* would be content with that Character, and not talk of his being a *Man of Note*, of his having *given proofs of his extraordinary Genius and great Learning to the World*, &c. All this indeed might be juſtly enough ſaid of the late Mr. *Boyle*, who has written many Learned Treatiſes in *Experimental Philoſophy*, and was the Ornament of the *Royal Society*; but not therefore of that Mr. *Boyle*, who has only publiſhed a faulty Edition of *Phalaris*'s *Epiſtles*; (for I do not pretend, but he might have a Hand in that Book,

tho' not much in this last.) There seems to be a great stress laid upon his *Quality*; too as if it was a sort of Treason to appear against him. For my part, I am ready to pay all Respect that is due to an *Irish* Earl's younger Son, but then (waving the Ceremony of giving him place) I think a Doctor of Divinity or an independent *English* Gentleman not much his inferiour. And I alledge it (in Kindness to him) as another Reason, that he did not write the *Reply against Dr.* Bentley, because it puts the Dr. more frequently in Mind of his Distance, than became any Man of never such high Birth to have done in the Contentions of Wit and Argument, where all must be allowed to be equal.

Secondly, I deny that I have insolently abused the *Reverend and Worthy Dr.* Aldrich. 'Tis true, I have taken Notice of his *Smoaking* and *Punning*; but they are two very sociable Qualites, and he has no Reason to be angry at me for it. He is not the only Clergy-man that takes Tobacco, nor the

the only Academick that *puns*. I muſt confeſs, he is a *Punner* of the firſt Rate; For the Town has been often obliged to him for good *Catches*, which are the higheſt flights of that kind of Wit. But this is not all, I have called him a *Proud Man*, and abuſed his *Logick*. As to his Pride, I will ſay no more than what I hav already done; for my Deſign is not to brand his Reputation in ſo Tender a part. And as to his *Compendium of Logick*, I am ſorry I mentioned it; for to decide whether there be any thing new in it, but the Language; and whether that Language is better for being labour'd and full of Elegant Phraſes or not, is a Queſtion, that concerns only the *Freſh Men* in the Univerſities; and I will now aſſign it over to them, and heartily ask their Pardon for invading their Province before.

Thirdly and *Laſtly*. I deny, that I have ignorantly undervalued the ingenious Anſwer to Dr. *Bentley*, and the *Chriſt-Church* accurate Editions of Old Authors. But I will not here ſo

much as recite any of those particular *Witticisms*, and Passages, which displeased me when I perused this ingenious Celebrated Book; because I hear Dr. *Bentley*'s Vindication is in the Press, and I am resolved not to interfere with him. It is sufficient for my present purpose, that it appears at first View to any Reader, to be done by several Hands. The Style and Matter is almost in every other Page of a different Complexion. One while you have something that looks a little Modest and Grave, and the Quotations managed to the best advantage. Presently the Humour changes, and there is nothing to be met with, but Buffoonery and Unmannerly Jests with nothing in them. But it is Dr. *Bentley*'s business (not mine) to detect and apply all their Errors. I have already exceeded the Limits of a Letter, and must hasten to the next thing; I must account for my speaking ill of their Editions of Old Authors, which (says my Friend) are *Famous not only here at home, but are much approved by For-*

Forreigners abroad. If this was true, what is the Meaning of the preſent Diſpute with Dr. *Bentley*? But they are ſo far from being Books of any ſtanding Value amongſt other People, that they themſelves are not long pleaſed with them. For many Authors, that were Publiſhed in Dr. *Fell*'s Time, have been again Reviſed, Collated, Printed, Index'd, *&c.* in Dr. *Aldrich*'s, and for any thing I know may undergoe the ſame Fate in the next *Dean*'s too. *As for the late Edition of* Æſop's *Fables*, I am told Dr. *Bentley* has Examined it very particularly, and proved it to be of the number of thoſe, that neither deſerve *a good Reputation at home nor abroad.* So that the ſame Reaſon, which made me conceal my Obſervations on their *Engliſh* Book, will oblige me to be ſilent here too; unleſs I would make my ſelf a Party in the Quarrel; which I do not deſign to do, for all I am Dr. *Bentley*'s dear *Friend and Acquaintance.* Here, *Sir*, I thought to have releaſed you; for I was in hopes all had been pretty well over. But his

Wit is inexhauſtible: There is nothing ſo barren, which he cannot be fruitful and copious upon. Who elſe could have applied the Tale of the *Dutch Commentators* and *Horace's Mother* to two Epigrams? Any other Man would have told me bluntly, that if I had not been certain of what I ſaid, I ſhould have forborn my idle Conjectures. But to return him one ill Jeſt for another, I aſſure him, the Father of the Two Epigrams is not altogether ſo much unknown to me, as it ſeems *Horace's* Mother was to the *Dutch-Commentators*; and I did not only gueſs, when I laid them at a Doctor's Door. The Pretence of the Author's not being accountable for the abuſes in them, becauſe they were Printed without his Knowledge, is ridiculous, and of a Piece with the reſt of his Arguments. They were not I hope Compoſed, Tranſcribed, and Diſperſed without his Knowledge, which (had they not been harmleſs, inoffenſive things) would have made them as much *Libels* as the Printing of them. Indeed it

is

is an unfair Practice to betray a Man into Print. The Collectors of the *Examen*, &c. ſhould not have inſerted them without leave, had they been never ſo Excellent, much leſs when they hardly deſerved a place in their Book. But one may gueſs by it (with Submiſſion to the conjecturing *Dutch Commentators*) that they were no great Friends to Dr. *Bentley* neither, any more than the Author; and I ſome times fancy, that we are ſecretly obliged to *Chriſt-Church* it ſelf for that *Miſcellany*, notwithſtanding this Gentleman for ſome private Reaſons publickly diſclaims it. But, whenceſoever it came, if it has given you any Divertiſement in your Solitude, I have had my Deſire, and there is an End of it.

There is yet another Paragraph behind, and ſo it is like to remain. For, beſides that it has nothing in it but *Your humble Servant Sir*, I begin to bluſh almoſt as much for Examining, as the Author ought to do for writing this *Pragmatical Rhapſody*. Give me leave, *Sir*, to call it what I think I have

have fairly proved it to be; tho' (if I am not wrong informed) it was the Production of one that never doubted his own Sufficience and Abilities in all kinds of *Polite Learning*.

SIR,

I am Yours, &c.

T. R.

London, *Aug.* 23. 1698.

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